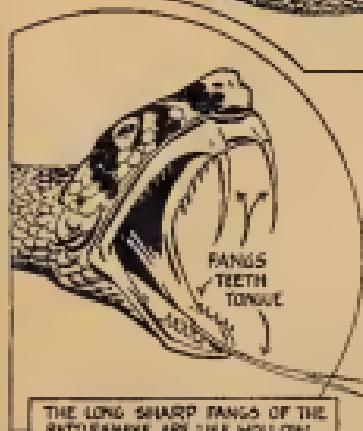
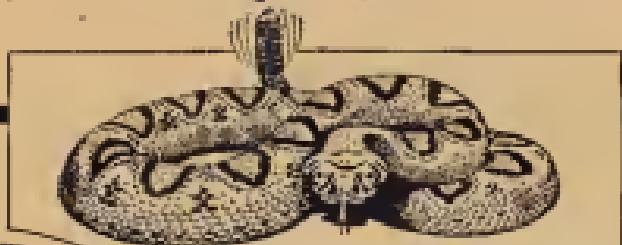


# RATTLESNAKES



THE LONG SHARP FANGS OF THE RATTLESNAKE ARE LIKE HOLLOW NEEDLES. WHEN THEY PIERCE A VICTIM, POISON IS INJECTED THRU THEM INTO THE BLOOD STREAM. THE SNAKE'S TONGUE IS ONLY A TELLER AND IS NOT POISONOUS.



IT IS FALSE, BUT STILL BELIEVED BY MANY, THAT IF A HORSE HAIR ROPE IS LAID IN A CIRCLE AROUND A MAN SLEEPING ON THE GROUND, IT WILL KEEP RATTLESNAKES AWAY. MANY TRAILS HAVE PROVED THAT THEY CARE LITTLE OR NOTHING ABOUT THE ROPE.

THE RATTLESNAKE IS TO BE FOUND ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. IT IS A HUMANE AND A DANGER TO THE MEN AND ANIMALS WHEREVER IT IS FOUND. IT LIES COILED UP IN THE SHADE OF THE SAGE BRUSH OR UNDER ROCKS OR IN OLD BURNING REEDS, READY TO STRIKE AT ANYTHING THAT COMES NEAR. THERE IS USUALLY A WARNING RATTLE BEFORE IT STRIKES BUT EVERY UNWARY KNOWN THAT THERE VERY OFTEN ISN'T.



HOPI SNAKE DANCE

ON THE HOPI RESERVATION EVERY AUGUST THE INDIANS PERFORM THE FAMOUS SNAKE DANCE. THE DANCERS HAVE LIVE RATTLESNAKES IN THEIR HANDS AND EVEN BETWEEN THEIR TEETH. THEY DANCE ALL DAY AND THE DRAWS, THOUGH SITTIN MAN TIMES, SEEM TO HAVING NO HARMFUL EFFECTS.



The following summarizes responses on health characteristics of the 1990 U.S. population. Results are based on the 1990 U.S. Census.

From where it comes to Germany that there were numerous writers the highest masters of religious writers.

# GABBY HAYES

and  
The  
HORSEMAN  
HEADLINES

SUGAR-DOLE, YAN  
COMBASSING MANT /  
I AINT HAVING OVER  
MY BEAUTIFUL MAM  
TO A WOMERE WHO AINT  
GOT A HAIR OF HIS  
CAN |



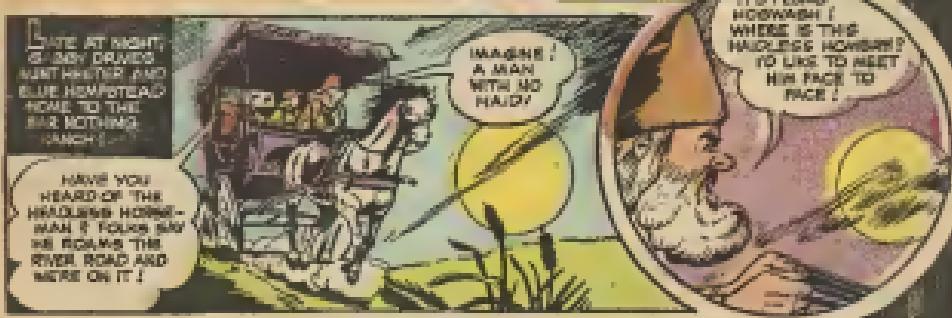
A **one** villain who couldn't get a  
head in the world is bent on getting Goldby's!  
No wonder terror grips the stage, and strong  
men cover before **THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN!**

LATE AT NIGHT,  
GARRY DRIVED  
MINT WHISTLE AND  
BLUE HIGH PINE  
HOME TO THE  
BAR NOTHING  
RANCH.

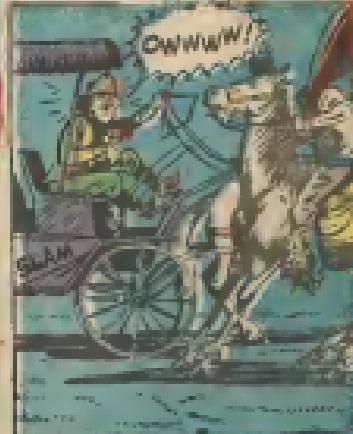
HAVE YOU  
HEARD OF THE  
HEADLESS HORSE-  
MAN? IT FOULS UP  
THE ROAD AND  
WATER ON IT!

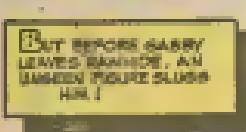
INTRODUCTION:  
A MAN  
WITH NO  
HANDS

IT'S FLUKE,  
HORWASH !  
WHERE IS THIS  
HAULING & HORWASH ?  
SO LONG TO MEET  
HIM FACE TO  
FACE !



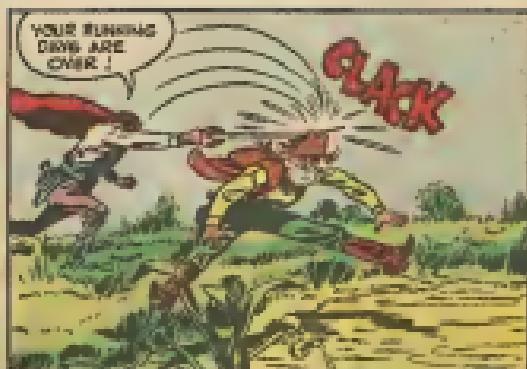
SIX GUN HEROES. ALL OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS  
IN THRILLING ACTION!!!











ALL NIGHT LONG, GARRY LABORED  
TO FREE HIMSELF. BY THE NEXT  
DAY, WORD HAD SPREAD OF HIS  
ABSENCE FROM THE BAR WITH THE

SHORE IS A SHAME ABOUT  
PORE OLD GARRY! HIS HEART  
WAS ALMOST AS BIG AS  
HIS MOUTH!



IT DON'T PAY TO BACK  
THE HAULING HORSEMAN!



WE'LL JUST HAVE  
TO KEEP OFF THE  
PUBLIC GRADING  
LANDS IN THE MOUNTAIN  
VALLEY! APPEARS  
TO BE THE HAUL-  
ING HORSEMAN'S  
OWN TERRITORY!



MEANWHILE, GOLD AND RUGBY,  
GARRY FINALLY EMERGES FROM  
THE FROZEN POND!

BEER! I GOT  
THE CHILLS!



I GOTTA WARM UP SOMHOW!  
IF IT LOOKS SAME, I'LL SLIP  
INTO THAT HOUSE AND MAKE  
A FIRE!



I'VE WON! ALL TEN THOUSAND  
ACRES OF THE  
BEER!  
THAT FINE  
LOOKS PLUM  
PURTY!



CRASH!  
AH! CHOO!

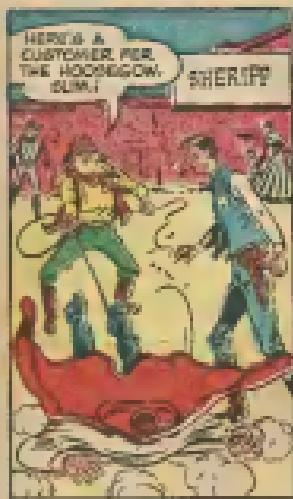
WHO'S  
TAKING?











# Western QUIZ

WE ARE AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET A GATE  
AND SEE HOW MANY QUESTIONS YOU CAN  
ANSWER. I CONSIDER EXCELLENT 4 CORRECT  
BETWEEN 3 AND 2. FAIR 1 AND 1. POOR 0.



100 ABERDEEN CITY, NEBRASKA,  
IN FURTHERSIGHT  
THREE WOOD ANGELS.



IN A TUBE  
OF TEN GALLON  
HOLD.

# YOUNG FALCON

and THE  
STRANGE  
SLEEP!

YOUNG FALCON, LONE WARRIOR OF THE WOODS, STOPS AT THE TRIBAL CAMP OF SOME FRIENDS. IT IS THE CUSTOM THAT THE INDIAN TRIBES HAVE ARRANGED THE SUMMERS TRADING OF FURS TO TAKE THEM TO MARKET TO SELL. YOUNG FALCON WONDERS HOW HIS FRIENDS HAVE FAIRED. BUT, ENTERING THE CAMP, HE FINDS A STRANGE SIGHT AS--

I CANNOT MAKE ANY OF THEM! THEY ARE ALL STRANGELY SLEEPING! BUT THE SUN IS HIGH AND THIS IS NOT A TIME FOR SLEEP!



THE TRIBAL KETTLE STILL  
URNS, AND THESE PAILS OF  
FOOD LAY ABOUT. YET EVEN CHIEF RED  
HORSE, HERE, SLEEPS!

YOUNG FALCON PEERS INTO THE  
HALF-DARKNESS OF A TEPEE, WHEN  
SUDDENLY, FROM ONE SIDE--

NOTHING IN--OOF!



YOUNG FALCON IS POUNDED--  
UNCONSCIOUS! LATER--HE  
WAKENS SLOWLY AND RECALLS

OOF, MY HEAD! WHAT A BLOW!  
AND MY FRIENDS, THEY ARE STILL  
IN THAT STRANGE SLEEP! I WILL  
TRY AGAIN--THE CHIEF AGAIN!



THIS TIME, THE CHIEF RAKED, AND STILL HALF-DAZED, TELLS YOUNG FALCON HIS STORY—

WE WERE ABOUT TO HAVE THE MOONDAY MEAL WHEN A TRAVELER APPEARED; HE WAS HUNGRY AND ASKED FOR A FEW OF COURSE, WE OFFERED HIM SOME FOOD—



THE MAN WAS SO HUNGRY HE HOVERED BESIDE THE TRIBAL KETTLE TILL WE GAVE HIM A FEW OF FOOD. THEN WE ALL SAT DOWN TO OUR MEAL. I RECALL SURELY FEELING VERY SLEEPY—

I FEEL SO TIRED  
SO TIRED...

I FEEL MUCH BETTER.  
THANKS TO YOUR  
HOSPITALITY!



AND THAT'S THE LAST I REMEMBER TILL YOU WAKED ME! NOW, I SEE I WAS NOT ALONE IN FALLING ASLEEP! THE REST OF MY PEOPLE STILL SLEPTIER! AND THIS TRAVELER, HE IS GONE!

IT IS PLAIN THAT, WHILE NO ONE WATCHED, HE TAKEN SOME KIND OF TALKING-INTO THE TRIBAL KETTLE! IT MADE EVERYONE FALL ASLEEP AFTER EATING, WHILE NO ONE WATCHED AND WAITED!



I KNOW NOT WHY  
HE WOULD DO THIS!  
BUT, HE WANTED  
TO STEAL SOMETHING!

STEAL! COME,  
QUICKLY, TO THE  
STOREHOUSE! OUR  
STASHES OF FURS ARE THERE!



GOODY! EVERY ONE OF OUR FURS STOLEN! SOX THIS EXPLAINS IT!



WE WILL NEVER CATCH THAT CONNIE! LOOK, MY DOVES STILL SLEEP, EVEN IF THEY WAKE, THE TRAVELER WILL BE FEW UPON THEM, AS IT IS ON ME, NE?



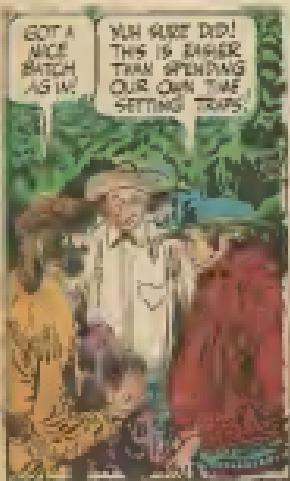
I WILL GO AFTER THIS TRAVELER!  
YES, I HAVE  
A LITTLE  
SOMETHING TO  
SETTLE WITH  
HIM, TOO.

SOON AFTER, YOUNG FALCON HURRIES THROUGH THE FOREST—

BEHIND HIGH RIDGE IS THE TRIBAL CAMP OF THE OMADONNAF TRIBE! THIS, TOO, WILL HAVE THEIR SEASIDE FURS STORED FOR SELLING, AND I WAGER THAT TRAVELER WILL TURN UP THERE!







# GABBY HAYES

## GUNSMOKE at EAGLE ROCK

Gabby may be a comical ole waddie, but you can't laugh him off, as three outlaws discover when they almost die laughing in GUNSMOKE at EAGLE ROCK

LAND SAKES, GABBY!  
WHAT GET SO HOT UP?  
I ONLY SAID TIPPI  
WENT HUNTING FOR  
EAGLE EGGS AT  
EAGLE ROCK!

DISGUST IT!  
SOON AS I GRAB  
A LITTLE SQUITTY  
THAT SPROUT GETS  
INTO TROUBLE!

DIDN'T YEH EVER  
HEAR OF HEARTLESS  
MUGGIE AND HIS  
GET-THROAT  
PARDS?

GOOD GRIEF!  
YOU DON'T MEAN  
THE ESCAPED  
OUTLAWS?

I'VE A MUNCH  
NEBBIE THEY HOLED  
UP AT EAGLE ROCK!  
IT'S GOOD  
MUGGIE  
COUNTRY!

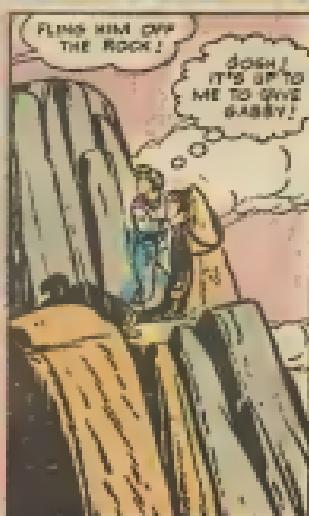
IF TIPPI STUMBLIES  
ACROSS THEM VARMINTS,  
THEY'LL KILL HIM!

DIG DIRT,  
GORMAN!

CHIEF IS THE ONLY HORSE IN THE  
WEST WHO KNEELS WHILE HIS  
MASTER MOUNTS!











THUNDERATION!  
I'M OUT OF  
AMMUNITION!





# LOBO KILLER

*A "Buck Desmond" Story*

ONE autumn morning, the lobo killer struck for the first time. Pedro Martinez, a Lampass Valley sheepherder, was clambering down over a sparsely foliated slope when he saw fifteen of his best lambs lying dead. Their throats were pitifully torn—the work of a wolf or mountain lion. Looking up, the sheepherder saw the killer racing away in the distance. It was a huge black wolf, padding swiftly through the underbrush. Desperately, Martinez ran to get his gun. But, by the time he returned, the beast had long disappeared in the hills.

Up and down the valley floor, the story was the same. Calves, mares, colts . . . all fell victim to the savage killer. And then old Jud Baker showed up with frightening news: news that spread like wildfire among the scattered ranches and farms of the valley.

"I was riding along the valley road," the white-haired rancher said, "when I saw him. Just for a second—not long enough to shoot. But I could see that he was slavering white from his jaws . . . and his eyes were wild. He's plumb loco, I tell you. He's got rabies!"

Swiftly, the men of the valley assembled—and with them the rambling cowboy, Buck Desmond, who had been riding through when the wolf struck for the first time.

"This is real bad, gents," Buck said. "I reckon you know what it means when a wolf goes loco. He won't stop at anything. He'll attack livestock and people! All he has to do is nip you, and his poison'll get into you. And if he bites one of the dogs on any of these ranches—why, you're practically certain to have a rabies epidemic!"

Smirking, the ranchers nodded. One of them, hand-rolling a twisted cigarette, tucked the makings into his pocket. "What do you reckon we ought to do, Buck?"

Buck Desmond's jaw tightened. "Go out and get him," he said. "Saddle up, every mother's son. Comb the flatlands and the slopes and the ridges until we find that crazy killer and finish

him off! This valley won't be safe until we do!"

BUCK'S ADVICE was good, and the ranchers and farmers took it.

Dividing up the region into rough sectors, they split up, riding away in pairs. Buck, assigned to cover several canyons in the upper end of the valley, found himself paired up with young Clint Baker, old Jud Baker's son. Together, they rode along, keen eyes exploring every inch of the land, searching behind every clump of grass and mesquite, questioning every moving thing.

As he rode, Buck found his eyes turning to young Clint more and more. For the boy, while he had said nothing, seemed to be growing increasingly tense and nervous! His hand clung tightly to his carbine, and his lips were pressed together in a thin bloodless line. From time to time, his eyes flickered wildly from side to side. Once, when a cottontail sprang out from beside a bush, he began to cry aloud in terror—until he saw what it really was.

"Let's stop here for a second," Buck said, indicating a tall cottonwood that threw a cool shade on the hot canyon floor.

His blue eyes indicated his sympathy and understanding. His lean brown hand gripped the youth's shoulder reassuringly. "This job bothers you, Clint?" he asked. "How old are you, son?"

"Sixteen," Clint Baker replied. "It's not that . . ." he said. "Ordinarily, I'm not afraid of most things. Riding a salty bronc, or herding ornery longhorns—that's all right . . ." Then his mouth twisted. "But I—I'm plumb sick and afraid of wolves," he said. "I had a ruckus with one when I was about eight years old. Another fella and myself were camping out when a big black one attacked us. Slashed my pal's throat. Killed him. I—I managed to wing him with my twenty-two gun. Just clipped one ear, but he got scared and ran off . . ."

"I see," Buck nodded. "And since then,

you've been leery of wolves . . ."

"Yes!" the boy said quietly. "I can't explain it—but just the thought of them terrifies me! Pa knows it. I pleaded with him not to make me come along. But he laid down the law. He said the only way I could get over being a cowed about wolves was to go after them—try and get one! That's why I'm here!"

Buck grinned.

"I see . . ." he said. "Well, stick close by me, son, and we'll see what happens. Chances are this old loco varmint has skedaddled out of the valley by now, anyway!"

But the rabies-crazed wolf had not fled the Laramie land!

For, half an hour later, as they kneed their dusty ponies up a narrow bend in the trail, Buck suddenly rose in his stirrups. His arm shot out at a form lying by a huge boulder.

"Look there!"

It was a dead steer, throat slashed by cruel fangs! And the flies had scarcely begun to settle on the carcass! The kill was only minutes old!

"Quick!" husked Buck, reining his bronc off the trail toward the slain animal. "This is the work of that loco wolf, and he must be right around!" Side by side the man and the boy hopped toward the steer. Buck's desert-trained eyes caught a smear of blood on the boulder, and another against a leaf, further up the slope. Together, they raced up the incline, hot on the trail. It was then that it happened!

THERE WAS A SAVAGE, throaty snarl, and a black form launched itself from the underbrush straight at them! It was the loco wolf—huge and powerfully muscled, eyes glistening yellow, white foam dripping from long, razor-like fangs! Straight at Buck's horse, the killer lunged! With a shrill whinny of fear, the bronc reared back, twisting wildly. At the same moment, Clint Baker, dropping his gun, spurred his pony away, averting the charge of the vicious beast!

As Buck's horse reared high in the air, the rambling cowhand seized at the reins, trying to bring the bronc under control. But so terrified was the boy that, twisting to the side, he fell back. Unable to spring clear, Buck was partly pinned beneath the struggling horse!

Now the giant wolf, growling deep in his throat, whirled about. He had missed, in his first furious charge. But now the man was helpless, trapped beneath the horse that was fighting to rise. Sweat rolling down his forehead, Buck reached furiously for his carbine, on the

underside of the horse. He could not get his arm under—and all the while, the wolf was coming closer and closer!

The wolf was flattened close to the ground now, tail lashing from side to side, crouching, ready to spring! All at once, with a bestial growl, gathering all its steel-muscled strength, the crazed lobo sprang toward Buck!

But at that moment, another form lunged into Buck's vision! It was Clint Baker. In the split second before the wolf's mighty jaws could rip Buck's helpless throat, the rancher's son flung himself in its path. In desperation, his young hands clutched the beast's farry neck, holding his fangs away at arm's length! Together, the two rolled over and over—the wolf struggling to slash his human enemy, the boy trying as valiantly to prevent the bite that would mean almost certain death!

At this moment, Buck's horse managed to regain his footing and pull himself up. Swiftly, the rambling cowboy gripped his carbine, brought it to bear. For a moment, the wolf's huge head was brought in profile. Buck squeezed the trigger.

A shot echoed through the canyon, and the wolf fell back—lifeless. Trembling, Clint Baker passed a white hand over his forehead. "He almost killed y-you, Buck," he whispered.

Buck rose painfully and limped over to the youth. He put his arm around his shoulder. "He would have killed me," he said. "If you hadn't turned around and come back! You'd dropped your gun; it was practically sure death to do it! And you could just have run away . . ."

CLINT BAKER slowly shook his head from side to side. "No, I couldn't," he said, hesitatingly. "I—I realized I had to square a debt. You remember, I told you about this buddy of mine that had been killed by a lobo years before? And how I just managed to wing that wolf with my twenty-two?"

Buck nodded wonderingly.

"But what does that—"

Clint Baker pointed a slender finger down at the slain lobo. Lying against the sand, they could see that its right ear had a jagged wound in it. It looked like an old star, one that had been made years before. It was the kind of wound that might have been made by a boy's twenty-two . . .

THE END

# GABBY HAYES

## and THE WHITE ANTELOPE

LASSO THEM GALLLOPING JAVINS TOGETHER, YUM OLE SPOTTER! I AIM TO SAY MY PIECE FIRST!

DISBUST IT, BULLFROG, OUT MORE UGLY CRACKIN'! YUN'LL DRIVE 'EM AWAY BEFORE I MAKE MY OWN PALAVER!



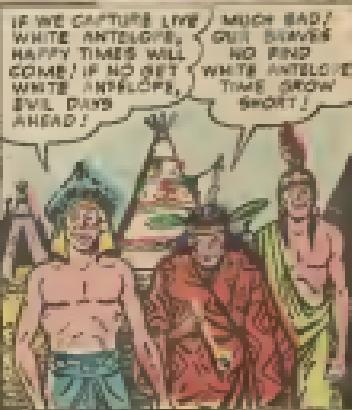
Gabby Hayes and Bullfrog Santos, battle to speak first before the council of the Antelope tribe, but the gloomy chieftains can think of nothing but that fabulous creature, that rare and elusive comin' of good luck.

### THE WHITE ANTELOPE!

LISSEN, CHIEFS! AS THE FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH! --- ONLY ONE WAY TO SHET THAT BUSY MOUTH!



DISBUST IT, BULLFROG, OUT MORE UGLY CRACKIN'! YUN'LL DRIVE 'EM AWAY BEFORE I MAKE MY OWN PALAVER!









Inside the lodge, Gabby breaks free from his captors

HOBOPY'S GONNA  
CUT MY HAIR BUT  
THE BARBER!

STUPID WHITE MAN  
BREAK LODGE  
POLE!

THE TRIBES WILL HATE ME  
FOR THIS; I RECKON  
I COULD USE A  
LIGHT WHITE  
ANTELOPE  
MYSELF!

ANN ! NOTHING AHEAD  
BUT PRAIRIE! IT'S  
EVIL GONNA BE TOUGH  
TO HIDE FROM  
THEM BOMBERS!

HE  
MUST NOT  
ESCAPE!

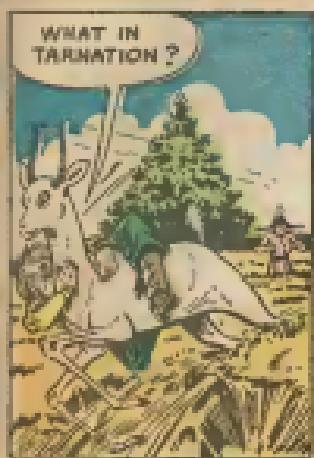
I'LL COVER UP!  
IT'S MY ONLY  
CHANCE!

Gabby's curious behavior attracts a  
passer-by—none other than the  
fabulous white antelope!

WHEW! SOME CRITTER'S  
MOVING AROUND!  
THAT'LL MAKE  
THE INJUN'S  
SUSPICIOUS...

SNIFF!  
SNIFF!

EXCUSE ME,  
WIMPOOSE!



The antelope chases Bullfrog back to the Indian village....

(GRRR!) STOP! I GIVE UP!  
I CAN'T RUN ANOTHER  
STEP!



I CONFESS!  
(GULP!)  
I WHITEMASHERED  
THE OTHER  
ANTELOPEY!



I RECKON EVERYBODY  
HEARD WHO THE EVIL  
SPIRIT REALLY  
IS!

YES! WE  
MADE BIG  
MISTAKES!



HERE'S YOUR WHITE  
ANTELOPE, CHIEF.  
HOPE WE BRING YOU  
AS MUCH GOOD LUCK  
AS WE BROUGHT ME!

A THOUSAND  
THANKS, WHITE  
BROTHER!



NO BRAVES WOULD  
LOWER THEMSELVES  
BY TOUCHING YOU,  
EVIL ONE! I TURN YOU  
OVER TO THE SQUAWKS!

(GULP!)

TEE,  
HEE!



OWWW!



...after....

POWERFUL  
FIRE WITTLIES,  
CHIEF!

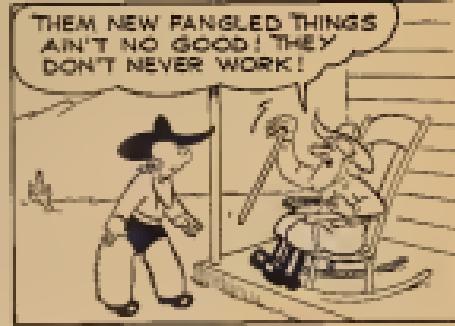
YOU MAY RENT  
OUR GRASSING  
LANDS, TOO,  
OLD WISE  
ONE!

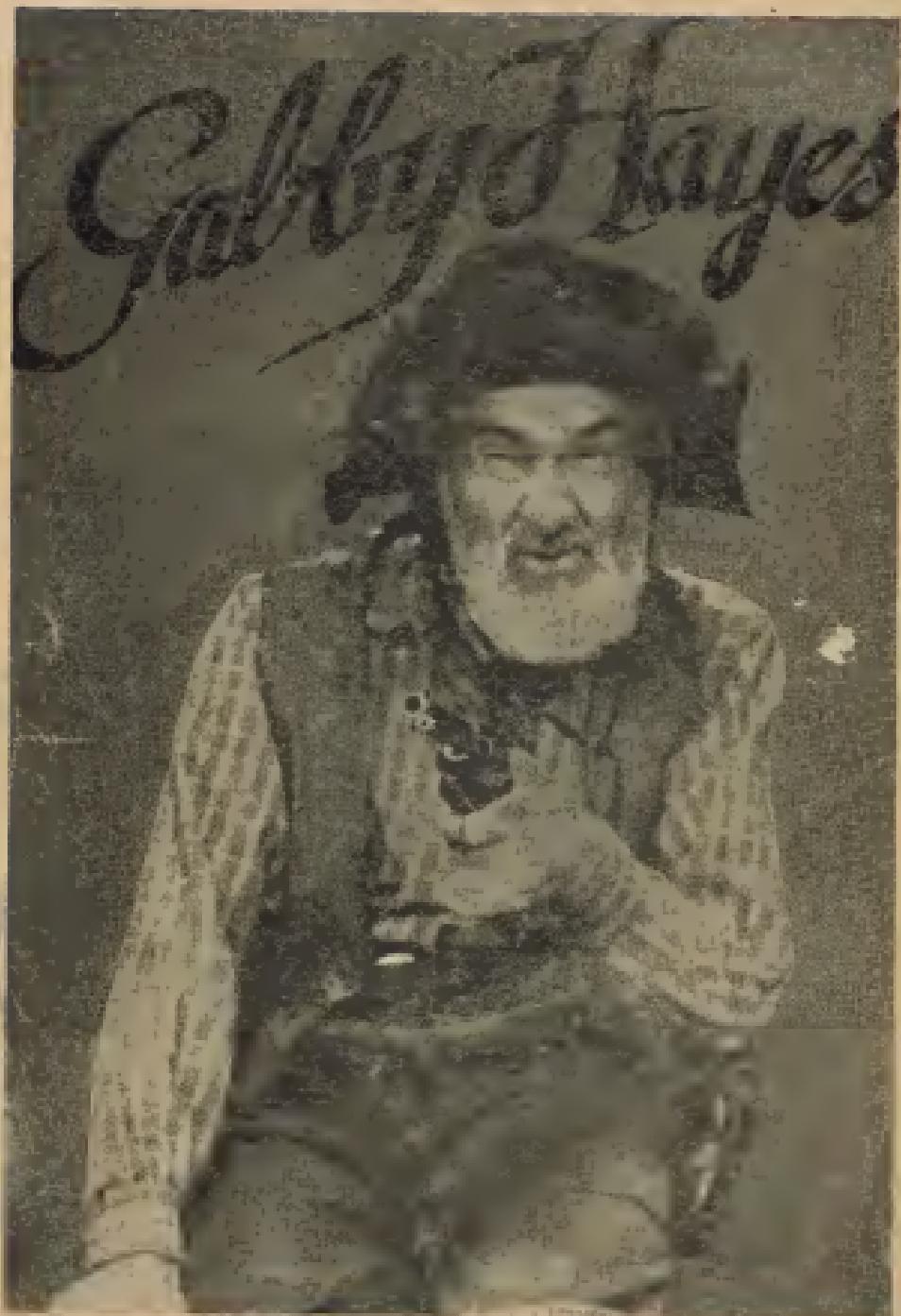


GOOD THING I GOT  
A WAY WITH CRITTERS!  
I RECKON IT'S A CASE OF  
ONE DUMBBE ANIMAL  
HELPING OUT ANOTHER!



# PROSPECTOR PETE





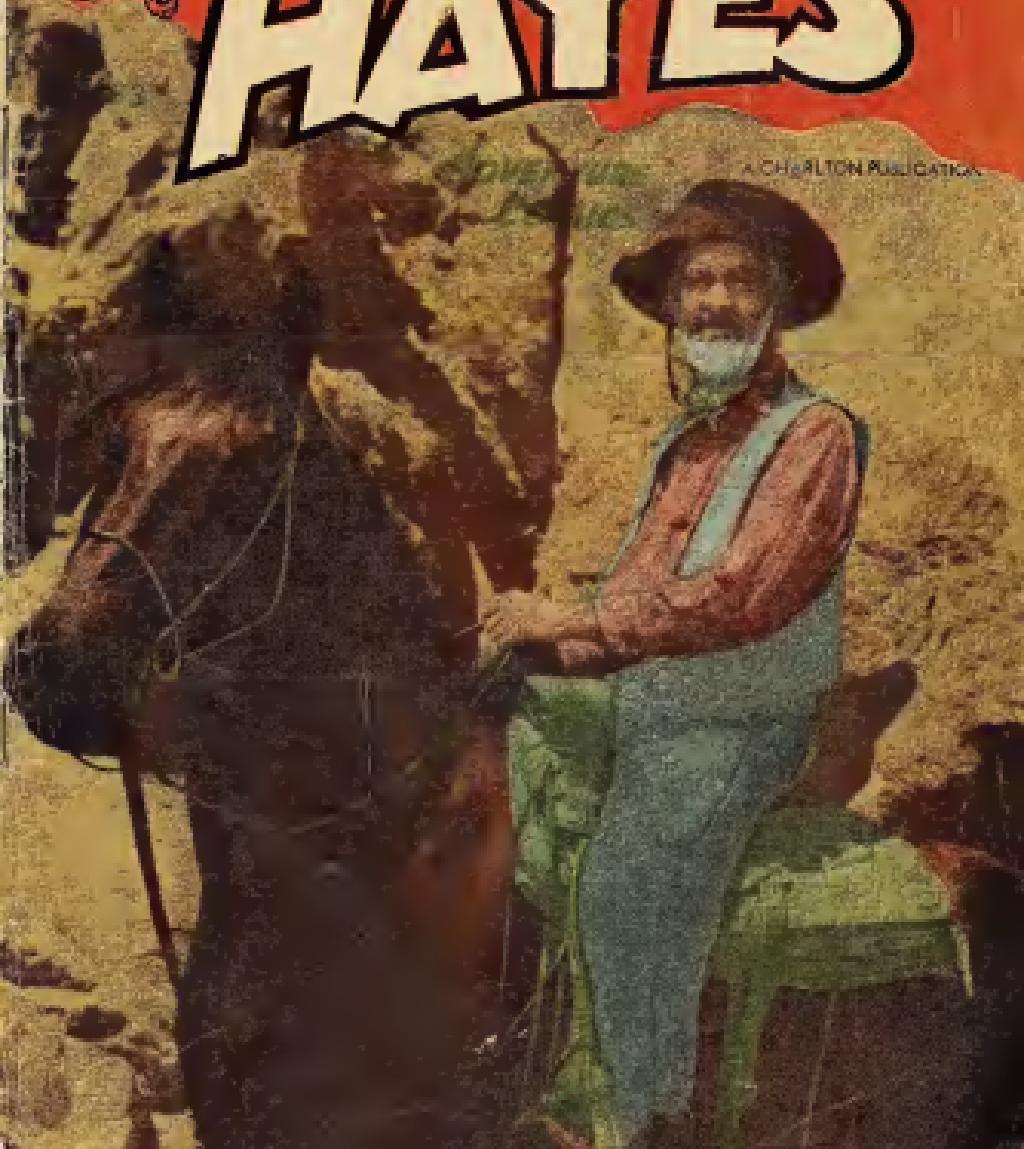
Gabby Hayes

# GABBY HAYES

10¢

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# THE TEEN TITANS

Starring: Robin



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